THE

Adventures

OF

DICK DISTICH.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

Duplex libelli dos est; quod risum movet,
Et quod prudenti vitam consilio monet.
PHÆDRUS.

A two-fold gift in this my volume lies;
It makes you merry and it makes you wise.

London:

PUBLISHED BY EFFINGHAM WILSON,
88, CORNHILL.

1812.

THE TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOJI'S SARASWATI MAHAL.

CONTENTS

TO VOLUME THE SECOND.

1206

Book the Second.

CHAPTER THE FOURTH.

Dick's relation recovers.—The surprise of the Doctor, and the rage of the Deacon.—Our Hero meets with a supposed misanthrope, and his history. .... p. 13

CHAPTER THE FIFTH.

A description of Squire Goosetrap.—And a dis-

pute between a justice of peace, and a philosopher .... p. 35.

CHAPTER THE SIXTH.

The singular madness of Toby, and various things touching the marvellous .... p. 53.

CHAPTER THE SEVENTH.

Which the reader will find not over entertaining .... p. 71.

CHAPTER THE EIGHTH.

A description of Toby's armour.—His letter to the Princess Ratamouski.—A dreadful adventure with the villagers, where our Knight comes off victorious. .... p. 82

CHAPTER THE NINTH.

Toby's adventure with Lawyer Shark.—A specimen of professional eloquence, and the singular benefit of this exploit to a farmer in the village .... p. 97

CHAPTER THE TENTH.

The patience of Scriblerus exemplified.—Our Hero is sorely wounded by some persons unknown.—The re-appearance of a doctor, and a conversation between Distich and the Knight of the Weeping Willow .... p. 111

CHAPTER THE ELEVENTH.

The distraction of Scriblerus for the loss of his child .... p. 126

CHAPTER THE TWELFTH.

Toby's interview with the Princess Ratamouski. —A digression.—Toby's soliloquy.—A dreadful attempt to deliver his mistress, and the unfortunate sequel .... p. 139

THE TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOJI'S SARASWATI MAHAL. *

Book the Third.

CHAPTER THE FIRST.

On grinning and other laughable matters. p. 155

CHAPTER THE SECOND.

A death-bed confession, which is productive of a strange discovery .... p. 164

CHAPTER THE THIRD.

The brutality of Goosetrap.—And the introduction of Captain Mainmast .... p. 177

CHAPTER THE FOURTH.

Which shews that innocence ever meets with the protection of Heaven .... p. 187

THE TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOJI'S SARASWATI MAHAL.

Dick Distich.

BOOK II.

CHAPTER THE FOURTH.

Dick's relation recovers.—The surprise of the doctor, and the rage of the deacon.—Our hero meets with a supposed misanthrope, and his history.

THE old lady continued to live, to the great torment of herself, the wonder of the doctor, and the infinite mortification of the lusty deacon. The first prayed to be released

released from her ills; the second anticipating her prayers, had seconded them with the whole contents of his shop; and the last wearied Heaven with supplications to put him in possession of his expected legacy. But in spite of all, on the tenth day, a visible change took place in the distemper of Mrs. Meanwell (for that was the old lady's name,) which the doctor observing, he with an air of great importance communicated the intelligence to the family.

"A change!" exclaimed the deacon, whose heart was in a violent palpitation, "Heaven send it for the better."—"It is a favourable

able one, " cried the doctor, " and I have no doubt that the patient will speedily recover." It would have required the pencil of Hogarth to do justice to the figure of the deacon at this moment. His countenance, which was in general of the colour of the mulberry, and studded with numerous carbuncles, now changed its hue, and exhibited a death-like paleness; his whole body shook, his eyes seemed as though they would start from their sockets, and his lips quivered, while he repeated the word " reco er." The doctor who was equally surprised at the circumstance, (for to do him justice, no part of it

could be attributed to him,) replied, "Indeed, sir, I am truly astonished myself; I thought her case beyond the reach of medicine, but Heaven hath interfered." "I tell thee," cried the deacon, half frantic with disappointment, "Heaven had nothing to do with it! Good God! recover—impossible!" But the preacher finding by the doctor's answers that the die was cast, concealed as well as he was able the inward workings of his soul, and uttering the interjection "Ah!" with peculiar vehemence, they parted.

When the joyful intelligence was spread abroad, nearly the whole village

village testified their satisfaction; for Mrs. Meanwell was much beloved for her humane and charitable disposition; her piety was unaffected, and her partiality for the deacon and his profligate associates was a weakness rather than a crime. Distich was delighted with the prospect of his aunt's recovery, nor did Scriblerus refuse to partake of the joy. For some weeks the anxiety of the deacon was most cruelly prolonged, but a perfect recovery ultimately completed his chagrin, and rewarded the exertions of Doctor Specific. The whole village now conceived a very exalted opinion of the apo-

thecary's skill; his fame was trumpeted about, and his advice courted with great eagerness, which enabled him to get his shop new painted, to procure a better assortment of drugs, (for he had hitherto made one serve the purpose of a dozen which he did not possess) and to have the head of Æsculapius re-gilt, which stood as a sign over his door, to inform passengers that there was a head no less sagacious within. Yet such was the antipathy that the preacher contracted for Specific, that his very name ever afterwards was sufficient to throw him into a state of convulsion.

Our hero now began to enjoy the real pleasures of life; and in the society of Scriblerus and his lovely daughter he was ever happy. Oftentimes in the company of the latter, would he wander about those delightful scenes in which the country abounds, and contemplate the remaining beauties of the Leasowes, the abode of the late Mr. Shenstone, whose taste for improving the beauties of Nature, and exquisite talent for poetry did honor to himself and to his country. With what veneration did he cherish the memory of the amiable bard, and his heart melted with tenderness as he heard the fea-

thered warblers of the grove pour forth their plaintive melodies, which seemed to bewail the absence of their departed Corydon. A thousand mournful ideas rushed upon his mind, and he repeated the pathetic exclamation of the bard:

> "Poets themselves must fall like those they sung,
> Deaf the prais'd ear, and mute the tuneful tongue."

It was one day when our hero was rambling alone, that he was surprised with the appearance of a person who in the village went by the name of the "Misanthrope." Distich bowed as he approached, as did the stranger; and some formal salutations passed between

them,

them, which seemed to be painful to both. "You will be surprised, sir," cried the stranger, "at my attempting to converse with any one, after the character you have doubtless heard of my extreme taciturnity; but in a place like this, where ignorance puts a wrong construction upon every thing, silence is taken for melancholy, because the object may not be willing to join in conversation with all who shall solicit it.

"Now sir, whatever my appearance and manner may bespeak me, be assured that I am no peevish misanthrope; and though I shun the company of mankind, I do not

altogether abhor it. When misfortunes press hard upon the mind, it may find relief from disclosing its sorrows; but when it looks round the world, and can discover no friend in whom it is possible to confide, it sickens at the thought, and seeks that consolation in solitude, which the insensibility of the world denies the unfortunate. These are my reasons for withdrawing myself from the society of men; and though they may pity me as a distracted being, wandering about a prey to my own wayward imagination, I think them still more objects of compassion, who under the specious mask of friendship,

ship, take every opportunity of preying upon one another. My reasonings to you may appear gloomy and incoherent; I will therefore change the subject."

Our hero, who was much struck with the stranger's conversation, declared, that on the contrary, he cherished a similar opinion; that the pursuits of mankind were in general guided by interest, and that those who had nothing but plain honesty to recommend them, were but poorly patronized; while vice, aided by effrontery, might pass through life with some degree of worldly reputation. He then with much earnestness expressed a de-

sire to become acquainted with his history, when the stranger remarking that it would prove but an unconnected detail, began as follows:—

"The scenes of my childhood would afford little entertainment; I shall therefore suppress them; suffice it to say, that I became an orphan when very young, and was left to the care and guardianship of an uncle, who held in trust the whole of my fortune; which though not considerable, was still competent for my support. I had early imbibed a rooted antipathy to drudgery, and applied myself so closely to my studies, that by the time

time I arrived at my eighteenth year, I had made great progress as a scholar. I likewise tried my genius in various attempts at poetical composition, which only served to amuse myself, and gratify a little inward vanity.

But I was suddenly called from these scenes of classical delight, to a profession for which I was wholly unqualified. This was the law; a calling that I heartily detested; but compulsion drove me to the writing-desk, and no galley-slave ever tugged at the oar with greater reluctance, than I sat down to copy the voluminous parchments allotted me to transcribe.

"Yet

" Yet even in this state of mental annihilation, I sometimes relaxed my mind by composing poetical trifles, which few but myself ever saw, and those to whom I entrusted them only paid me some cold ironical compliment upon my performance. I was not sufficiently hackneyed in the mysteries of my profession; it had ever been my maxim to consider honesty as the best policy; I knew the difference betwixt "*meum* and *teum*;" I despised a bribe, nor could I at any time be suborned to commit perjury. How then was it possible for me to succeed?—I could but ill brook the insolence of my employer,

ployer, who was what the world calls a *pushing* industrious man, but in reality an ignorant dishonest sycophant. I had once the presumption to dispute with him concerning the true meaning of those two pronouns already mentioned, and in the course of our debate, made an observation which so much offended him, that he flew into a violent passion, and discharged me from his service.

"I was now loaded with invectives by my uncle, for my imprudence, which were but ill suited to an honorable mind. He had possessed himself of the whole of my

property

property, during my minority, and he now refused to give any account of it. He left no method untried to prejudice me among my friends, by the most cruel falsehoods, which were fortunately of no avail, as the infamy of his conduct was well known to the world. He *is still living* an object of contempt and detestation; the pander of grey-bearded vice, the victim of voluntary shame;—the oppressor of the widow and the fatherless, a dishonored husband, an unnatural parent, and a faithless friend.—A wretch whose life will prove an useful example to mankind, by shewing human depravity in it's true colours,

without our virtue to redeem it from universal abhorrence.

"But my griefs now flowed from a more tender source, and my bosom became filled with melancholy and despair. I had conceived a passion for a young lady, the daughter of a wealthy citizen, nor were my addresses unfavorably received by the dear object of my affections: but the father was a man of that mercenary disposition, who considered a marriage as something like a bargain for a bale of goods, and therefore resolved to sacrifice his child to the highest bidder. We however continued to have private interviews with each other, until our corres-

pondence

pondence was discovered to him by some malignant intermeddlers, who made it a point of conscience to disclose the secret; and Narcissa (I shall distinguish her by that name,) was strictly forbidden to hold any further communication with me. Oh! sir, did you but know the affection I bore, (and still bear) for that dear girl, you would wonder how I outlived the inhuman decree. I had long admired her, but admiration gradually ripened into the sincerest passion, that ever inflamed the human breast, and before I was aware of her power, she had made a conquest of my heart.

"I flew to company and pleasure, by

by way of dissipating my sorrows, but the impertinence of mirth, only heightened my distress. I sought refuge in the Muses, but that divine object, who formerly inspired my attempts, was far away. In a word, I tried every effort to dispel my melancholy, but in vain. I had more than once resolved with my own hand, to put a period to my miseries, with my existence; but when I deliberated upon so rash, and dreadful, an expedient, my soul was filled with horror and I repeated the noble exclamation of the poet,

"For who would bear the whips and scorns of fortune,

Th' oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
The pangs of *despis'd love,* * * * * *
But for the dread of something after death
——— * * * * * puzzles the will,
And makes us rather bear the ills we have,
Than fly to others that they know not of."

I therefore retired with the small part of my property, that I had by process of law recovered from my uncle, to this sequestered spot; having cheerfully withdrawn myself from the world, to bury my sorrows in silence, and solitude. I prefer these rural scenes to the noisy bustling ones, in which the avarice of men tempt them to engage: for here I behold the real beauties of Nature, I see all creatures do homage to their Creator in these delightful re-

treats.

treats. Yet I sometimes will think on my hard fate, and not without repining: but I then call to mind how many, (infinitely more deserving than myself) are exposed to the miseries of extreme wretchedness and want, and that remembrance teaches me resignation."—Here the stranger concluded his narration, our hero wept bitterly for his misfortunes, and seizing his hand, pressed it with fervor to his lips. "Here," resumed the stranger, taking a locket from his bosom, "is the pledge of my Narcissa's affection, which she gave me in a happier hour. It has been close to my heart ever since, and will be found there when

it

it has ceased to beat." The tears now rushed down his cheeks, his countenance became wild, and he rose abruptly to bid our hero adieu. Dick was much affected at his emaciated appearance, he was but a youth, and his features bore strong marks of manly beauty, in spite of the ravages of grief. He requested him to banish despair, and hope for better days, which might put him in possession of all his wishes.—Here the stranger shook his head, and fixing his eyes mournfully upon our hero, exclaimed: "Never!" and immediately disappeared.

CHAPTER THE FIFTH.

A description of squire Goosetrap.—And a dispute between a justice of peace, and a philosopher.

THERE lived in the neighbourhood, a character who was an object of hatred and terror through the whole village; this person was one squire Goosetrap, a man of large estate, and member for the county. His disposition naturally brutal, was increased by an habitual association with jockeys and stable-boys; he was esteemed the best hunter for many miles

miles round, for indeed that had been the chief study of his youth. His time was generally spent in drinking and debauchery, in which qualifications he was a perfect adept. He rode over the farmer's grounds, who were in any degree subject to him, and treated his dependants with great cruelty and oppression. He owed his success in parliament, more to the dread which the inhabitants bore him, than their esteem, for many who gave him their vote, would have been glad if he had broken his neck the moment after, in a fox-chace. He had destroyed the peace of many respectable families; he deprived parents of their

children;

children, imprisoned husbands for the sake of their wives, and his name was uttered with a mixture of horror and detestation. Those who behaved to him with any sort of friendship, were Mr. Cringer, the curate of the parish, the church-wardens, with whom he guttled for the good of the poor, and Mr. Pliable, the justice of peace for the county, who owed his commission to the squire's interest, with some great man at court: such was squire Goosetrap, whose knowledge extended no father than the stable, and whose learning did not exceed the rudiments of a horn-book, yet this man was appointed to advocate the

liberty of his fellow-citizens, who neither knew the meaning of liberty, law, or constitution.

"Now this gentleman had, it seems, conceived a liking or rather hungering for the daughter of Scriblerus; but this he had never disclosed to any one, except the society, of which he was member, consisting of the justice, the curate, and the churchwardens, at the house of one Tipple, a publican. In this polite assembly, he swore her to be a clever b—h, run all over, going well upon her pasterns, and shewing a deal of blood. "Now what should you think of such a wench for a sweatheart?" cried the squire ad-

dressing

dressing the curate.—" Upon my honor (replied the churchman simpering,) the girl is very well for a poor farmer's son, but it would be a sin"—" Rot the sin! (interrupted the squire) what should you think of such a smirking wench, for a bedfellow?" " Your honor is pleased to be jocular; (replied the curate) I do not pretend to say that in a lawful way"—" Hang the law, (exclaimed Goosetrap) may'nt a man with five thousand a year, live without minding the law?" " Nay, squire, (joined the justice, who was the son of a Whitechapel pin-maker,) the law is, as your worship knows—I say"—" D—n your sayings! (roared

the impatient squire,) let's drink about."—"I say, (continued the justice, after having refreshed himself with a glass,) the law is in fact—a very lawful thing, and consequently merits the respect of all—the laws are the bulwarks of our freedom;—and "*libertas et natale solum*" is my motto—but as I was a saying—the laws have ever been respected even in the darkest ages. Witness the great Magna Charta.—"*Charta communium libertatum*"—the foundation of the liberties of our glorious constitution—those liberties by"—the squire who was nigh choaking with rage and impatience, while the justice was delivering this

learned

learned oration, now rose from his seat, and dashing his pipe on the ground exclaimed:—" Would to G-d the law made too much prating a hanging matter!—here you have bothered us about bulwicks, Magnet Charcoals, and lumbertatums, more than parson did last sunday, about fornication, purification, and botheration:—what the dickins learnt thee to jabber, such a heap o'foreign lingos?"—" Study, (replied the justice with much gravity,) I have perused Cooke, Littleton, Homer, Hudibras, Tristram Shandy, Burn's Justice, and Mrs. Fangle's complete System of Cookery."—" What the plague (cried the squire) did thee

con all this at the charity school?" The pride of Mr. Pliable was much hurt at this, and he hum'd, and haa'd, like a councellor endeavoring to confound the true meaning of the law. "Here, landlord, (cried the squire) bring us another pot,—let's drink a bumper to Maria, I'll warrant her a tight article, sound and free from vice, treading above her ground,—and a special good one at a round trot, or a hand-gallop."—The pot being produced, the squire hoisted it to his mouth, and consigned a copious draught to the fair damsel. "What signifies prating (cried he,) about the law?—the law o'nature, is the law o'reason.—You Mr. Curate,

rate, may talk about the Gentoos, the Hebrums, and the Pharocians: and you Mr. Justice, may palaver about Cook, Littlejohn, Shandy, and Mother Fangle's Rookery;—but d—n me, if either of you would refuse such a delicate morsel as old Scribble, p—x o'the fellow's name—old Scribbleum's daughter."—"I do not pretend to argue (cried the curate, who was a bit of a philosopher,) but that the human mind may chance to stray from the *path of rectitude*, and the *rule of right*; but if we consider the true *fitness of things*, and the direct line which ought to be pursued, we shall find that the law of

nature is not to be constantly followed, while that of reason regulates our desires, and restrains those vices which might otherwise obtain a triumph over our prudence. I am therefore bound to maintain, that the law of nature, and the law of reason, are two parallels, which carried ever so far, can never meet; and that the law of nature is retrogade to the rule of moral rectitude, and the true fitness of things."—" Mr. Cringer," replied the justice, " has argued with much wisdom; but as I am neither a parson nor a philosopher, but one of his Majesty's justices of peace I must now talk a little about the

law

law of nations. Now, sir, (addressing the curate) however powerful the law of reason may be, I do uphold as a magistrate, that the law of nations is by far the most powerful of the two."—" Pardon me," interrupted the churchman, " you must allow that the law of reason has wonderful influence over the *mind*, while that of nations only extends to the *body*."—" What signifies the mind?" retorted the justice. " I am surprised, Mr. Pliable," cried the curate, " to hear you talk so *ignorantly*."—" Ignorantly, Mr. Cringer," roared the justice, starting from his seat, " dare you pretend to say that I

talk ignorantly?"—"I dare indeed," replied the curate, with great coolness, "when you are so blind as to prefer the law of nations to that of reason."—"Then, sirrah," roared the inflamed magistrate, "I will give you a demonstration how far the law of nations is the strongest, by committing your reverence to the round-house, and see if the rule of right, or the true fitness of things, will deliver you. Yes, Sirrah! you shall mount the pillory with a vengeance; you shall be caged in spite of your gown, you shall have church preferment, and be raised above the heads of the people."—"I despise

your

your authority," cried the `curate, "I can bring forward sufficient to support my argument."—"And I too;" replied Mr. Pliable, "I have studied Burn."—"And I Aristotle," retorted Cringer. "A fig for *Harry Stottle!*" joined Pliable, "some name of your own coining." —"Now, sir," replied the curate, addressing the squire, "you have an opportunity of beholding the extreme ignorance of this insolent magistrate; you plainly perceive his want of knowledge, in not being acquainted with those miracles of wisdom, Aristotle, Zeno, Plato, and the sage Diogenes, who lived in a tub."—"Aye, aye," replied the

squire, who was willing to take some part, "deep dogs indeed! knew a thing or two! Ah! that Dioginus who lived upon *sage in a tub*, was a mortal sly b—h!"—"But loved misanthropy too much," joined the curate.—"Aye," cried the squire, "he was a liquorish dog, loved *Miss Anchovy!* but there's no help for it." Goosetrap finding the disputants wax warm, hoped to see a combat take place; for Mr. Pliable had already clenched his fists, and the curate had lifted up a chair, to ward off the expected blow. Tipple seeing this denunciation of war, fell upon his knees, and exclaimed

in a piteous tone:—" Vor the sake of God, and the blessed Marturs! I do beseech yaw my roight wurshipful Muster Pliable, justass of peace vor this here kounty, and yaw Muster Tummus Cringer, parson of this here parish, and measter of harts, to leave off wrangling; vor if be so as yaw should commit moordur, why I shall have my licence taken away, and be ruinated, thof I be innocent." This pathetic remonstrance had some effect upon the justice, who unclenched his fists; upon which the curate replaced the chair, and a treaty of peace being at last concluded, a bowl of punch was ordered,

dered, to drown all animosities. During the ceremony of making this composition, Tipple, in his agitation, threw in double the quantity of liquor that he was wont to allow, which had such an effect upon the company, that all old grudges were forgotten, and good humour began to prevail. But the curate could not help remarking, that the law of reason was infinitely superior to that of nations; for the former had taught him to keep his temper with philosophy, while the justice with all his wisdom, had given way to the folly of intemperate wrath.

The

The squire now drank bumper after bumper to the health of Maria, and sung various catches, which might have raised a blush on the curate's countenance, had it not been already arrayed in a deep vermillion, which blossomed throughout the year. Justice Pliable drank success to our constitution, while Mr. Cringer toasted the church with equal zeal and alacrity. In short, this motley triumvirate most piously got drunk together: Goosetrap was carried home in a state of insensibility; Justice Pliable no longer remembered his magisterial dignities, and the curate

reeled

reeled off having totally forgotten the *true fitness of things*, and the *rule of moral rectitude.*

THE TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOJI'S [illegible] MAHAL.

CHAPTER THE SIXTH.

The singular madness of Toby, and various things touching the marvellous.

Now Toby, since his arrival at the village, had wholly resided at the house of Scriblerus, acting as tutor in his little school. His disposition being naturally superstitious, he was ready to believe any thing, however strange and improbable. Among other books he had discovered the History of the renowned Guy of Warwick, who it is re-

corded

corded went on a pilgrimage to the Holy Land; the surprising Adventures of Valentine and Orson; the marvellous Exploits of the Seven Champions, the Arabian Nights' Tales, the wonderful Life of Jack the Giant-Killer, who slew many monsters; and various other works, abounding in chivalry and enchantment. All these, Toby had read with great attention, and his imagination gave full credit to every thing recorded: he studied them by night and day; and was never happy but in the company of some hideous monster, armed knight, or enchanted princess.

These marvellous stories began

to work very forcibly upon Toby's seat of understanding, and the first appearance of his insanity was displayed in kicking about the little urchins under the tuition of Scriblerus. He had contracted a wildness in his looks, he discoursed about nothing but tournaments, and had defied a caitiff barber in the neighbourhood to single combat, for offending him. Scriblerus beheld the disorder of Toby's intellects with much concern, and cursed those ridiculous romances that had discomposed the texture of his brain. He communicated the intelligence to our hero, with a most rueful length of face, and gave

gave it as his opinion that Toby should undergo a copious phlebotomy. At the mention of this, Dick's blood ran cold in his veins, he recollected the discipline he had suffered under the merciless Doctor Bolus, and as the singularity of his friend's madness might be productive of many ridiculous adventures, he favoured the design, and expressed a wish to see Toby enter upon his exploits. In vain did Scriblerus beseech him for the love of God to direct Toby's thoughts from such a dangerous undertaking; he painted in glowing colours the mischief it might produce, and prophesied that he would

either

either be murdered on the highway, or end his life at the gallows. But this remonstrance had no effect upon Dick; the idea of Toby's sallies filled him with delight, as they promised much future sport.

The first time that our hero met the poor fellow, he artfully began a discourse upon the pleasures of chivalry; he recounted some wonderful adventures of Amadis de Gaul, and other celebrated characters who have made figures in the annals of knight-errantry. The eulogium that Dick paid a profession on which Toby had set his heart, so much pleased him that he fell down on his knees before our

our hero, and declared that his whole soul was engaged in contemplating the vast achievements of those thrice redoubtable champions.

His rage for chivalry hourly increasing, he became a dangerous person in the house. He would at times clap on a pot-lid for a helmet, arm himself with a spit from the kitchen of Scriblerus, and thus accoutred, appear before the scholars, to the infinite terror of the parish-clerk. He continually asserted that Nature had formed him for martial adventures, and to redress the grievances of mankind. It was during this, that

Dame

Dame Griffin (the hag whom our hero and Toby met with in the waggon) arrived at the village, to exercise the mysteries of her profession. Dick paid her a visit, and acquainting her of the poor fellow's infatuation, begged her assistance in a scheme that he intended to practise upon him; which was, to persuade him that it was the will of the stars that he should turn knight-errant.

This proposition being agreed to, Dick with some difficulty got him to consult the ancient sybil; for the interpretation of the black ram still hung heavy upon his mind.

No sooner did the venerable priestess behold our novice, than she exclaimed "Ha! Toby, dost thou come to be informed of thy destiny?"—"Why yes, my lady prophet," replied Toby, half petrified with fear, "I am come to know what the moon and stars say to my turning knight-arrant."—"Toby," cried the old woman, "thou art doomed to howl in purgatory for one thousand years! The decrees of fate are immutable, and howl you must, unless you do something to mitigate the sentence."—"Do please ye, my lady, the witch, tell the stars I will do any thing but murder. Why I'd

as

as lief walk ten miles in a thunder-storm, or trust my money with an attorney." The old woman with great gravity reached her wand, and having waved it thrice, took up a scull, and applying her ear to that part where the lips once hung, seemed to listen to something. She then mumbled a few words to herself, and declared that the stars had agreed to alter the decree, by enjoining him to turn knight-errant. Toby was no sooner informed of this, than he ceased to tremble, and capered about with great joy. "God bless the moon, and stars, and you my lady the witch! I had set my soul

upon going on the highway, and turn knight-arrant I will." He then redoubled his extacy, and would have kissed the old lady, had not a vast quantity of hair depended from her chin, in the form of a beard, which caused him to exhibit some degree of alarm. "But hark'e, Toby," rejoined Mrs. Griffin, "the Fates have likewise ordained that you shall be inspired by some mistress whom you are to love and admire above the whole world."—"O lud!" cried Toby, "that be just the thing; I love Betsey Muggins with all my heart and soul."— "Nay," replied the old woman, "Betsey Muggins

is an impure damsel, and therefore unworthy to inspire so valiant a knight. Your mistress must be the paragon of every perfection, human and divine. She must be lovelier than the daughters of the East; her body must exhale perfumes ten times more fragrant than the odoriferous gales that waft through the orange groves; her eyes must sparkle brighter than the diamonds of the earth, and her teeth appear whiter than the orient pearl. She must excel in every softer art; she must sing more melodious than the nightingale, and dance with grace superior to those midnight fairies which lightly trip

o'er the enchanted green. She must be fairer than Venus, braver than Minerva, and chaster than Diana;—[*Toby licked his lips;*] she must be lovelier than eye ever beheld, thought can imagine, or tongue can describe; for whose love you must perform incredible deeds of valour. I have therefore met with that model of perfection in——*Mother Snapdragon*, who is to be the goddess of your inspiration."

To describe Toby at this moment would be a task wholly impossible; suffice it to say, that a figure expressing more horror and astonishment was never beheld.

He

He clasped his hands together, looking at Mrs. Griffin and Dick alternately, and seemed to have lost all power of speech. " Nay, Toby," exclaimed the old woman, " be not surprised."—— " No, I won't," he cried, trembling with agitation. " Thou hast no reason to complain," joined the sybil, " have I not chosen thee a miracle of beauty?—[*here Toby evinced considerable agitation,*] art thou not content, I say?"—" Yes, my lady prophet," he exclaimed, " but Mother Snapdrag— [*here Toby was nearly choaked;*] Mother Snapdragon be as old and ugly as you be yourself."—" Profane

mortal!"

mortal!" cried the prophetess, "her charms are above all mankind." Toby now continued:—"You say that the mistress of a knight arrant must *hail* perfumes, and withal sing like *enchanted green fairies*, and *dance* like tuneful *nightguls*. Now Mother Snapdragon has but one eye, and saving your ladyship's presence, can't dance, because as why she has got a lame leg; and then, as for singing, Lord help me! she frightened three old tom-cats with her voice, as your ladyship well knows."—"Hold thine impiety, presumptuous mortal! nor dare to blaspheme the perfection of human nature!

ture! Thy sight is vitiated; for know, O unthinking Toby! that she is a princess young and beautiful, but under the power of some fell enchanter, who disguises her charms under the mask of deformity. It is for thee, O valiant knight (for such shalt thou be dubbed) to deliver her from the power of enchantment; in the pursuit of which, you must with cheerfulness endure the combined hardships of fire, water, earth and air, nor cease until you have delivered the princess Ratamouski, Queen of the Golden Isles; who will upon the accomplishment of it, reward you with her fair hand."—" But

 must

must I have no other name beside my own?" cried he, "which be nought but Toby Tripeface?"—"By all means," replied the prophetess, "you shall be distinguished by a name suited to your noble calling;—here, strip off thy coat and waistcoat, aye, and thy shirt likewise, and down upon thy marrow-bones." Toby obeyed. She then produced a thick leathern strap, and began the ceremony, by bestowing twenty good stripes on his bare back, which might have brought the hottest madman in Christendom to his senses. This being duly performed, she cried, "Thus have I dubbed thee Toby Tripeface,

Tripeface, Knight of the Weeping Willow: rise therefore, and pursue thine adventures; deliver the princess Ratamouski from the dominion of Anthropohagos, the enchanter; so shalt thou eclipse all other knight-errants who have signalized themselves in the cause of chivalry." Our knight now rose, and having replaced his garments, began to feel the effects of his flagellation, and by various shrugs and wry faces did not appear much to relish the opening ceremonies of his calling: but his brain being heated with the idea of gaining a lovely princess in marriage, (for he now gave full credit to the as-

sertions of Dame Griffin) he contrived to forget his pains, and departed with our hero, to fit himself out in a manner suited to his profession: and his soul burned with impatience to commence his exploits to deliver the Queen of the Golden Isles from the power of Anthropohagos the enchanter; which vast and stupendous adventure was reserved for the achievement of the ever renowned Knight of the Weeping Willow.

CHAPTER

THE TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOJI'S SARASWATI MAHAL

CHAPTER THE SEVENTH.

Which the reader will find not over entertaining.

THE story of the supposed misanthrope, had made considerable impression upon the mind of our hero, and he related it to Scriblerus, which caused the good man to shed many tears: for though he had perhaps, never felt the passion of love, in it's warmest degree, he was none of those who because they have never experienced a sensation themselves, treat it with contempt and ridicule:

his method was to relieve the miseries of mankind, instead of reprobating the cause of them; and though he was himself a little of the philosopher, he was too well acquainted with the human heart not to pity it's weakness. "A man may be a hero, in the field, (he remarked) he may view death without trembling, and stand unawed amidst the groans of the dying, and the mangled bodies of the dead: but how much more a true hero is he, who resigns himself to the disposal of Providence, and endures the trials of life, with patience and resignation. By murmuring at our destiny, we are arraigning the justice of our

Creator,

Creator, and by so doing, we violate those laws, which, as his creatures, we are bound to obey." Maria at this instant appeared, apparently much terrified. She related that squire Goosetrap, had offered her some rudeness, as she was passing through the neighbouring meadow; and upon her screaming, a stranger burst from the thicket, and rushing upon the ravisher, with one blow brought him to the ground. She immediately recognized the supposed misanthrope in the person of her deliverer, who conducted her home with safety, though no persuations whatever could induce him to enter their cottage. The parish-

clerk,

clerk, was much agitated, and our hero knawed his lips with rage. "By Heavens! (exclaimed Dick) I will make the rascal repent his behaviour ere long." Scriblerus checked his impetuosity, and bade him consider the wealth, and influence of the squire. "But can that, (replied Distich) shield him from the punishment of the law?" "You talk unthinkingly, my dear child, (joined the good man,) it is true that our laws, take cognizance of such offenders, but what cannot riches and power atchieve? we have therefore little chance of obtaining redress, who are comparatively poor and friendless. Besides, it is of him

that I hold my little farm; though God forbid that I should countenance, or bear with his insults, because I am in some measure dependant upon him—no—if my child had sustained any injury, I would have followed him through the world, to demand justice before a proper tribunal, and should he ever repeat his conduct, he shall find that, though a poor man, I am neither destitute of feeling, nor resolution to bear such outrages with impunity." This, Scriblerus spoke in a manner that became a good man, and a good father. The lovely Maria, with tears in her eyes, besought her parent to take no notice

of

of it, which might prove the ruin of them both; she launched out in the praise of her deliverer, lamenting that one so young, should wander about like an unhappy lunatic, an outcast of mankind: she could discover that he had been weeping; yet when he witnessed the brutality of Goosetrap, his eyes sparkled with rage, and he uttered a multitude of incoherent curses. "It is a pity (cried the parish-clerk) that he is not persuaded once more to join the society of his fellow creatures, for the mind is apt to brood over it's misfortunes, in solitude, because it is deprived of that sympathy and social converse with

which

which the compassionate are ever ready to console the wretched. Let it be then our study to cultivate the friendship of this disconsolate stranger, who, if he refuse to become one of our society, cannot be offended at our request." "And so, love hath caused this melancholy," cried Maria. "It hath indeed! (replied our hero,) and I fear has taken too deep a root to be eradicated." "And is the Narcissa, whom he so often mentions, supposed to be insincere?" "No (replied Distich) he speaks of her in the tenderest manner." "If she is not inconstant then, (cried Maria) why is he unhappy?" "She is forbid

bid (replied our hero) by her obdurate parent, to hold any further communication with him, and Narcissa, is too prudent to disobey his commands." Whatever Maria's feelings were at this moment, we will not pretend to disclose, but her countenance betrayed emotions, which a physiognomist, might not have despaired to interpret.

"*Amor omnia vincit*" hath been the motto of many wise philosophers, and will doubtless be the motto of many more; except those of a certain class, who laugh, and cry, with Aristotle, or fall in love with Plato. It was considered amongst the Romans, that a man,

who

who had brought up any number of sons, to a state of manhood, had done as much service to his country, as a general who had fought it's battles: and even in these degenerate times, a poor man, who has maintained a large family, until they have arrived at years of maturity, is infinitely more respectable, than those pampered fools of fortune, who can boast of nothing, but a few half begotten brats, whom we daily see, strutting about in the shape of privy-councillors, pert templars, officers in the army, and powdered beaux. When a rake, has felt the bad consequences of his past pleasures, he marries for

no other purpose than to recruit his health, and as often his purse: how deplorable then must be the fate of that woman, who is condemned to be the victim of a worn-out fop! instead of experiencing that felicity, which attends virtuous wedlock; she is compelled to bear the humours of the capricious fool, and indifferent husband. Take heed then, ye fair, how ye sacrifice your happiness, at the shrine of ambition; spurn not the humble offerings of a faithful heart, nor let that which the world calls *prudence*, deter you from gratifying a worthy choice: if parents so far forget their duty, as to think of controlling your

happiness,

happiness, remember they have urged a power, which Nature hath never given them, and that

> Love over all maintains resistless sway,
> And let us all love's conquering pow'r obey.

THE TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOGI'S S[illegible]I MAHAL.

CHAPTER THE EIGHTH.

A description of Toby's armour.—His letter to the Princess Ratamouski.—A dreadful adventure with the villagers, where our Knight comes off victorious.

THE invincible Toby, being already dubbed, prepared to appear in "*propria persona*" a true knight-errant. A brazier in the village, had furnished him with a complete suit of armour, in which he made a very formidable appearance. It was composed of tin, beaten in shape of a coat of mail, and the part

part which covered his thighs, and legs, being in one entire piece, our knight found it difficult to bend his knees, and was otherwise grievously cramped. His helmet was composed of that which had formerly been a saucepan, but so materially altered, and beautified, that it might have passed for Mambrino's;—his lance was an old spit, from the kitchen of Scriblerus, who in extreme anguish of soul, had permitted him at the suit of Dick, to purloin that necessary weapon; and his shield was the remains of a dripping pan, with his order, and other martial devices, emblazoned on the front. The animal appointed to

carry

carry him, was an old blind horse, which had for some years, been used to a mill, when age, and infirmity, rendering it almost useless, it had been condemned to feast the dogs; had not our hero rescued it from it's hard fate, by making a purchase of it for Toby, that he might not appear less splendid, than his illustrious predecessors.

"The Knight of the Weeping Willow, being thus accoutred, Distich gave him some instructions.—He taught him to couch his lance, to begin an attack, and harangue the multitude. In practising the attack, he made a furious assault upon the pig-stye of the parish-clerk, and

maimed

maimed an old boar with his lance, in a woeful manner. He rode his Bucephalus over the gardens of the inhabitants, trampling down their little plantations without mercy. In making himself perfect in his manœuvres, he had engaged with a swineherd, whom he quickly overthrew, and by many other adventures, had rendered himself terrible. He bore a mortal antipathy to cats, having slaughtered three in one day, the property of an ancient maiden, the squalling of which had greatly discomposed him. The children of the place, beheld him with fear and trembling, the old women he kept in absolute subjection, and even

awed the boors themselves. Dick enjoyed the comicality of the scene, and declared that Toby should address a letter to the captive princess, signifying his valiant intentions: and our knight approving of the design, dispatched the following epistle to his fair mistress, which was indited by our hero.

" The Knight of the Weeping Willow, to the Princess Ratamouski, Queen of the Golden Isles, greeting.

" Adorable and divine Princess!

" As it is consistent with the laws of chivalry, to succour the unfortunate, suffer me, O supreme Ratamouski! to throw myself at

your feet, a true knight-errant, who captivated by the force of your charms, declares himself your slave, and is resolved to deliver you from the power of Anthropohagos, the fell enchanter by whom you are persecuted. O incomparable Queen of the Golden Isles! O paragon of beauty! reject not the offerings of your captive Knight! condescend, O miracle of perfection! to smile with benignity upon my endeavours, and no valiant champion, that ever graced the profession of chivalry, shall eclipse your absolute slave, and adorer,

"The Knight
"of the Weeping Willow."

 This

This ceremony being duly performed, our champion saddled his horse Dobbin, to commence his exploits. But a considerable inconvenience now arose, for the animal having of late years, been used to a mill, he could not forget his old ways, and continued to turn round and round with his rider for some time, nor could he be persuaded to go straight forward until he had endured many sharp applications from a huge pair of spurs, with which Toby's heels were armed. He was moreover a horse of the true Catholic breed, that made it a constant rule to fall down upon his knees to every stone or clump

he came to, and had likewise contracted a vicious habit of kicking up his hinder legs, to the great terror of Toby; but these difficulties did not discourage the knight.

When the parish-clerk beheld him, he could not forbear smiling at his grotesque appearance, in spite of his displeasure. His singular figure attracted the eyes of the whole village; one remarked the refulgence of his armour, another the shape of his helmet and shield, while many dwelt on the vast length of his lance. His horse next became an object of admiration, being both blind and lame, and so lean that one might have

studied anatomy upon its body. The animal was dressed out in ribbons of various hues, which gave him a very splendid appearance.

The shouts uttered by the villagers so much disgusted Dobbin, that he reared and capered with unusual dexterity; which was not over agreeable to Toby, who did not feel pleased with this proof of his palfrey's vigour. One unlucky boy who was among the crowd of gazers, willing to try the strength of the knight's helmet, threw a huge stone at it with such good aim, as made that part of his armour rattle about his ears. Toby exasperated at this indignity. spurred

red Dobbin, and rode among the thickest of the crowd, brandishing his lance; the gazers flew in all directions, and a tailor received a dreadful assault upon the breech in the encounter. The villagers being thus dispersed, one stout fellow, Humphrey Clodpole, who was esteemed the best cudgel-player in the place, touched with honest shame that his countrymen should be terrified by a scarecrow, (for with such ignoble appellation was our knight branded) rallied his troops, and led them on in a body to engage with Toby, who beheld them with an undaunted countenance, and as they approached

 him,

him, vociferated aloud: "What, miscreants! have ye the temerity to insult a knight-arrant of the Weeping Willow, going to deliver the princess Rattamhusky from the monster Anthroppumhayguts. No, caitiffs as ye are, I will annihilate ye all, and Saint George be my speed and protection." Having uttered this resolute speech, he again clapped spurs to the sides of Dobbin, who achieved what he had not done for many years, namely, gallopped along with tolerable speed, kicking and plunging all the time. The mob in return assailed him with dirt and stones, which he however contrived to keep off with

his shield. One unfortunate shaver was in the act of levelling a stone, when Toby perceiving his intention, bestowed upon his shoulders such an unwelcome stroke with his lance, that he dropped the stone, and made the best of his way off. An old woman who had armed herself with a gridiron, was also going to assault him, when he gallopped forward, overthrew the dame, and made her fall upon her marrow-bones and ask for life. The villagers now began to give way, which so much enraged the valiant Humphrey, that he rushed forward with his cudgel, and battered it about the ears of our knight,

that he found it difficult to keep his seat; but having been forewarned of every danger, he rallied his sinking spirits, and couching his lance, attacked Clodpole with all his might. The villager finding himself so vigorously opposed, would have gladly relinquished the combat; but recollecting that he was the champion of the place, and that a retreat would ruin his fame for ever, he exerted all his strength, and aimed a desperate blow at the tin-cased body of his antagonist. Toby being now raised to a pitch of fury, urged his steed, and directing his lance towards the skull of Humphrey, it came in contact

with

with the uplifted cudgel, which fell from the clown's grasp, and the son of chivalry pursuing his advantage, brought Clodpole to the ground, who acknowledged himself vanquished, and supplicated for his existence. "Rise, dastard!" exclaimed the victor, "and learn from this, that a true knight-arrant scorns to take advantage of a fallen foe." The Knight of the Weeping Willow having thus spoken, Humphrey Clodpole rose from the ground; the villagers stood amazed, and supposed Toby to be something altogether supernatural. This stupendous exploit being achieved, he called upon Ratamouski to smile

upon his endeavours, and stroking old Dobbin's mane, rode in quest of further adventures.

THE ... SWATI MAHA...

THE TANJORE

CHAPTER THE NINTH.

Toby's adventure with Lawyer Shark.—A specimen of professional eloquence, and the singular benefit of this exploit to a farmer in the village.

DISTICH not content with the disorder of Toby's upper works, and the unlucky design against Mother Snapdragon, wished to contrive some mischief against Lawyer Shark. He therefore persuaded Toby that the attorney was no less than the enchanter Anthropohagos. Our

Our knight's brain being in a state to credit any thing, he took it for granted, and determined to take his measures accordingly. His fame had already sounded through the place, and every thing was related with its usual exaggerations. Some magnified old Dobbin into a dragon, and his neighing (which was no whisper) the good folks declared to be thunder, others would have lengthened his lance to a furlong, while his shield was the object of universal admiration.

The Knight of the Wee[illegible]ng Wi[illegible]low, at Dick's informatio[illegible] [illegible]et o[illegible] for the habitation of the attor[illegible]ey, followed by our hero, who [illegible] a

a[illegible]tance

a distance, anxious to know the issue of the adventure.

No sooner did Toby come within ten yards of the house, than he exclaimed. "You monster, deliver up the princess Rattamhusky;" and then struck the door with his lance, which was by the blow shivered to pieces. Shark alarmed at this, made his appearance with his hand full of parchments; and no sooner beheld the damage that had been done, than he cried out "I make an appeal;—a forcible entry;—*vide* Stat. 10th, 4th of Queen Mary!"—and [illegible]d about with great eager- [illegible] [illegible]by hearing this, roared [illegible] it is not Queen Mary, but the

the Princess Rattamhusky, Queen of the Golden Isles! and I am her knight-arrant; so I charge you to deliver her."—" Knight, or devil!" cried the attorney, " I will bring an action against your errantship for this outrage: I don't fear you for all your tin!" Toby said nothing, but directed his weapon towards the stomach of Shark: and here we should have had occasion to record a very tragical adventure, had not the limb of the law thrust forward his hand to avert the blow; but in so doing, lost his parchments, which stuck upon the point of Toby's lance. The knight finding himself in possession of

of this treasure, rode off as fast as possible, happy in having obtained what he conceived to be the articles drawn up betwixt the monster and Lucifer. In vain did the agonized Shark bellow aloud for the neighbours to assist him. Frantic with the loss, he ran about repeating half the statutes with great vehemence. " I am ruined! I am undone!" he exclaimed; but this ejaculation had no effect upon the bye-standers, for they cared little for the ill luck of one who had ruined and undone so many of his fellow-creatures. " The biter's bit;"—" The pitcher goes often to the well;"—" Good swimmers are drowned

drowned at last;"—"Lawyer's houses are built upon the heads of fools," exclaimed one; "Aye," cried another, "A good lawyer is a bad neighbour."—"Lawyer's gowns are lined with the folly of their clients." In this manner did the compassionate villagers console Shark. By this time Distich reached the spot, and demanded with apparent concern the cause of his distress. "Oh! sir," exclaimed the attorney, recognizing him, "I am ruined, irretrievably ruined! That quondam knight, that foul imp of Satan, with his damnable spear, hath deprived me of a most valuable quantity of parchments.

He

He hath likewise shattered my door, look, sir, (pointing to it) ten pounds worth of damage, as I'm an honest man! and all *sine causa.* I was sitting in my parlour—mind, sir, sitting.—Examining my papers, mind, sir, examining.—And in the twinkling of an eye, an assault was made upon that door. Well, sir, I hied to the spot, and beheld that hell-contrived lunatic mounted upon a horse, which by G—d! looked as if it had been pounded for a twelvemonth. I say upon a horse; I cannot speak as to sex, male or female; but I say a horse;—for a mare is a horse, but a horse an't a mare, as the saying is. But to be brief,

brief, for brevity is the soul of wit, this horse, I said, was a meagre, hobbling, wall-eyed looking animal;—but a truce to descriptions. Well, sir, upon this miserable looking devil, I beheld, Good Lord! a figure, you must pardon me, but upon my soul it was '*rara avis in terris nigro que simillima cygno.*" This scarecrow was dressed in a complete suit of tin; mind, sir, tin. —Now this tin was highly burnished, and glittered amazingly;—for why?—because it was burnished!—The fellow had something like a helmet upon his head, but very much battered. Would to heaven it had been his skull! But that without

without doubt was a little out of repair too.—Well, no sooner did I make my appearance, than the son of a w——e began to bellow out Rattam—— zounds! 'tis such a devil of a name, it would break my jaws to utter it. The scoundrel told me to *deliver* her;—took me for a *man-midwife!* Well, sir, he gave me no time to answer, but aimed a blow at my breast, put me in bodily fear, and as I parried it off with my hand holding the parchments, his spear, which by moderate computation was a dozen yards long, pierced my papers, the felon rode off with them, and so I am ruined, by God!"

This

This eloquent speech being uttered by Shark in his professional manner, with his usual shrugs and grimaces, was highly amusing to our hero, who with great gravity condoled with him his loss. "Ah! sir," continued the attorney, "'tis a heavy loss; but I'll be revenged on him. He shall have a rattan, instead of a Rattamhusky." In this manner did the enraged attorney continue to vociferate, much to the entertainment of the villagers assembled, who with loud laughs and shouts testified their joy. This may prove an useful lesson to pettifoggers in general, who instead of increasing the hardships of the

poor,

poor, ought to do every thing in their power to alleviate their istresses.

Distich fearing that Toby's madness might have carried him too far, asked the attorney if the papers were of consequence. "Of the highest," replied Shark, "a lease which I had from Farmer Stump." No sooner was this pronounced, than a person came forward and exclaimed, "Aye, Measter Shark, yaw bamboozled me there in a pratty manner." "I bamboozle thee," cried the lawyer; "Stump, (for so the person was in reality,) I shall take note of that, and prosecute you for a libel."

The

The fact was, that Squire Goose-trap had granted the farmer an advantageous lease; but taking it into his head to be offended, because Stump did not approve of some little familiarities that he had offered his daughter, employed Shark to use some finesse in order to recover the deed; and the attorney, ever willing to oblige his patron, had succeeded in the stratagem; and Stump no longer possessing the instrument, had received notice to quit the farm.

Distich no sooner became acquainted with this, than turning to the countryman, assured him that he would do all in his power to re-

store

store the property, of which he had been so shamefully deprived; and bade him accompany him to the house of Scriblerus. Having arrived there, he found the knight sitting down, breathing violently, and the parish-clerk giving him some very wholesome advice. Upon inquiry being made concerning the parchments, Scriblerus produced them, and they were returned to Farmer Stump, who departed with many thanks. In a short time after, the whole village resounded with the praises of Distich; Shark dreaded to shew his face, and Goosetrap was mortally chagrined. As for our champion, he

was now treated with great respect; his health was toasted among the convivial, his jests were repeated, and universal praise and admiration attended the Knight of the Weeping Willow.

CHAPTER THE TENTH.

The patience of Scriblerus exemplified.—Our Hero is sorely wounded by some persons unknown.—The re-appearance of a doctor, and a conversation between Distich and the Knight of the Weeping Willow.

THE parish-clerk had sat reading that book which he deemed the best, namely, the Holy Scriptures, for some time with great composure, waiting the return of his daughter, who had accompanied our hero to a neighbouring town. He began to be alarmed at her

long stay, and paced the room with much anxiety; but replacing himself in his chair, turned to the book of *Job*. Another hour elapsed, and Maria was still absent: Scriblerus began to sweat; but once more composing himself, filled his pipe, and resolved to wait with patience. But the time advanced to a late hour, and he began to be uneasy, in spite of his endeavours. Unable to rest in quiet, he repaired to the house of Mrs. Meanwell to see if he could get any intelligence of the parties; but upon his arrival there, he found the old lady in equal alarm for the absence of her nephew. When the deacon understood

stood that Dick and Maria were in each other's company, he remarked, that their non-appearance might easily be accounted for, and began to drop some brutal insinuations. But Scriblerus very sharply rebuked him for his licentiousness, and declared that he put too great confidence in the virtue of both, to have any improper apprehensions. "Something more than common must have happened," cried the anxious father, who immediately left the house in search of them. He hied to the habitation of the bellman, and alarmed the composer of carols; the bell was brought out, and the neighbours being

roused by the sound, flocked round Scriblerus to demand the cause of this extraordinary summons. When he related the particulars, every heart was filled with sorrow, and the villagers one and all offered to accompany him.

A whole body now moved forward, led on by the parish-clerk, and the poet-laureat of the village. They had not proceeded far, before they were alarmed by a hollow groan; the assembly made a full stop, and seemed unwilling to proceed; the bell was sounded, and the groan was repeated. Fear seized upon every mind, and each tongue instinctively pronounced,

"Lord

"Lord have mercy upon us!" But Scriblerus represented to them that those who had clear consciences had nothing to dread; that in all probability the groans were uttered by some poor creature in distress; and if it was even the devil himself, they had no cause for apprehension, as that spirit possesses no power but over those who are devoted to his will. The villagers being spirited up, followed their leader, and discovered a person lying on the earth, who upon examination proved to be no other than Dick Distich, the hero of this facetious history. The parish-clerk greatly surprised, raised him from the ground, and demand-

ed what had reduced him to such a miserable condition. Dick was scarcely able to answer the question; but related, that he had been suddenly attacked by three ruffians, who treated him in a barbarous manner, and carried off Maria. What was the distraction of the fond father when he found himself deprived of his beloved child; but the lamentable situation of our hero made him for a time forget his own distresses, and Dick was carried by the benevolent villagers to the house of Mrs. Meanwell. When the deacon beheld him brought in, covered with blood, he was in hopes that there

was

was more occasion for the undertaker than the doctor ; but Distich signified his desire that Specific should be sent for. At the mention of this detested name, the deacon turned pale, and betrayed great emotion; for he considered him as the person to whom he was indebted for the non-payment of his legacy.

When the doctor made his appearance, he was ushered into the room where Dick lay, and being introduced, commenced his examination. He declared that it was not absolutely a fracture simple or compound, but a violent bruise. "I am glad," cried our hero,

"that it is not dangerous."—"Not dangerous," exclaimed the doctor, "God forbid! I had almost rather you had broken your head into a thousand pieces. O gemini! I fear 'twill prove a bad case." —"Well, well," cried the patient, "apply your remedies, we must trust to heaven for the rest."—"Aye, aye," retorted Specific, "you sparks always talk of heaven when you are not likely to remain long upon earth."—"What!" cried Distich, "do you take me for an atheist?"—"O! by no means," replied the doctor, "only a bit of a freethinker; one who has a religion of his own;—not an

absolute

absolute Pagan, but a —— you understand me."—" Indeed I do not," replied our hero, " I am neither so ignorant as to be a free-thinker, nor so ridiculous as to be an enthusiast; and one who has never thought of heaven until he is upon his death-bed, is as little fit to die as he who has set the providence of God at open defiance. A man may be a strict moralist, and yet a sinner; and a believer without works, is as culpable as a deist."—" I perceive, sir," cried Specific, " that you are somewhat of a reasoner;—a kind of philosopher."—" There, sir," replied Distich, " you are mistaken.

I am too deficient in solidity for the former, and as for the latter, I am apt to regulate my actions by the impulses of Nature, and not by laws laid down by gloomy cynics. Aristotle may let us know when it is proper to laugh or cry, while the sage Plato may tell us that there is no such a thing as love; but should you, Doctor, tell me that my skull was at this moment free from bruises, I should believe one assertion as soon as the other."—" Egad, sir," cried the doctor, " you are a humourist! Aye, aye, 'tis an easy matter for philosophers to lecture about fortitude and resolution; but '*homo,*

sum,

sum, humani nihil, a me alienum puto;' I am a man, sir, and value such musty rules no more than a dose of magnesia."—" But, tell me," cried Dick, " what you think of my wound."—" Why," replied Specific, " it is an incision in the occuput, 'tis not so deep as a well, nor so wide as a church-door; but 'tis enough. We may call it a—— it is in general termed—— in short, sir, 'tis a very dangerous case; a sort of perforation in the internal membrane, and particular care must be taken, lest it produce a delirium." This consolation being administered, the doctor

... MAHARAJA SERFOJI'S SARASWATI ...

doctor applied his plaisters, and retired.

The deacon meeting Specific, inquired with great eagerness into the case of his patient.—"He is a dead man," cried the doctor; "Dead!" quoth the preacher in an extacy. "Not absolutely dead," replied the practitioner, "but I think we may venture to bespeak him a coffin." The deacon gave Specific a hearty shake by the hand for this joyful intelligence, who then retired to put some into pain, and others out of it.

No sooner did the valiant Toby

hear

hear of his friend's mishap, than in spite of his knight-errantry, he paid him a visit to condole with him the misfortune of a broken head. "Ah!" cried the knight, "but no matter;—one pair of heels is worth two pair of hands;—a pennyworth of ease is worth a penny at all times. What's this? Sinner that I am! why, I have had stones, bricks, and stinkpots, rattle against my skull like hail.—Ah! one pound of discretion is worth two pound of wit.—Who buys a house ready wrought, hath many a pin and nail for nought."— "Thou art a blockhead," cried our hero, "to

pester me with thy cursed proverbs."—" Ah!" replied Toby, " but if all fools wore white caps, we should look like a flock of geese.—The devil's kind when he's well pleased."—" Art thou come hither to torment me?" cried Dick. " Every one is a master and a servant," continued Toby. " He who perishes in needless danger is the devil's martyr.—One fool makes many.—Great cry and little wool, quoth the devil when he sheared his hogs.—The greatest king at last must go to bed with a shovel or a spade."—" God confound thee for a simpleton!" exclaimed our

hero,

hero, with impatience; "is this the only consolation thou art able to give me?" But we must now return to the parish-clerk.

CHAPTER THE ELEVENTH.

The distraction of Scriblerus for the loss of his child.

THE habitation of Scriblerus had now become a house of mourning; the distraction of a fond parent for the loss of his child may be conceived. It had been his delight to give her instruction, he beheld her progress with pleasure; she was his only companion, and the comfort of his age. That she should prove the victim of brutal violence,

violence, from which her innocence could not protect her, was a heart-rending thought, and in the bitterness of his anguish he wept aloud, and lamented the hour he was born. But when he considered that all his distraction of mind would not tend to recover his daughter, he waited upon Mr. Pliable the magistrate, to request his assistance.

He was received by the justice in a tolerably civil way; but no sooner did Scriblerus mention the word "assistance," than the magistrate started up, and exclaimed "Z——ds, sir! do you expect me to run about the country after a wench?"

wench?"—"I do not expect that," cried the parish-clerk, "but as a magistrate you are bound to institute an inquiry, and such am I come to demand."—"*Bound!*" roared the justice, "a pretty fellow truly; do you pretend to teach me my duty?" No one knew better than Scriblerus the respect which was due to his superiors, or observed it with greater exactness; but at the same time, he had too much honor to bear those insults which illiterate pride is ever ready to offer honest poverty. Finding himself treated so unworthily in the midst of his misfortunes, by one whose station obligated him to

to afford succour to the oppressed, his soul was stung with indignation, and he addressed the justice in a manner which shewed, that though he respected his power, he did not dread it; and reproached him with the neglect of those duties which he was bound to observe.

The justice, frantic with rage, exclaimed, "What, sirrah! am I to be insulted because your daughter hath played the trull? Get out of my house, for I'll be d—d if I will be talked to by any psalm-singer in Christendom." "Sir," replied Scriblerus, with great deliberation, "when you have

have descended so low as to forget your duty, it cannot be wondered at, that I, as your inferior, should chance to forget mine. If you think me an object too contemptible for your notice, you are deceived; for though Providence hath placed me in this humble station, my character is without a blemish, which alone is sufficient to render me a respectable member of society. But, sir, your situation teaches you to treat the lowly with attention; for those laws, to which you are a minister, were originally instituted to protect the helpless from oppression. I have therefore requested your interference in the

cause

cause of a father who hath been basely deprived of his child."—"I tell you what, Mr. Scribleum," cried the justice, "you had better depart in peace; if your daughter hath been run away with, what is that to me? No doubt the girl was willing, for I have heard that she was a forward wench."—"He is unborn," exclaimed Scriblerus, "who could with truth speak ill of my child! She was a pattern of female excellence: and old as I am, I would revenge most seriously any stigma that falsehood should throw upon her character." Thus saying, he brandished an oaken plant; the magistrate did not

not admire the appearance of the cudgel, and softening a little, dismissed the parish-clerk with an assurance that he would take some steps in the mysterious affair.

We must now return to the chamber of our hero, and see how he goes on, after the injury which the internal membrane of the occuput had received. The facetious surgeon, with much plaistering, and more talk, found himself mistaken; for the case was not half so dangerous as he had made it out: the perforation proved nothing worse than a slight bruize, and a few days confinement worked a complete cure, to the great mo-

tification

tification of the deacon. No sooner had Distich recovered, than he repaired to the house of Scriblerus, to console the good man for the loss of his daughter. He found him in company with the supposed misanthrope, who was sympathising with him in his sorrows. "Consider, sir," cried the stranger, "you are not the only one on whom Providence hath lain a chastening hand; young as I am, I have had my share of afflictions, the most cruel and bitter."—"My dear child," cried the parish-clerk, "thou mayest grieve for the loss of a mistress, but that in comparison is trifling to the distraction

of a father for the loss of his child. I have been in love myself, for aught I know, yet I bore the death of my wife with patience."—"But," resumed the stranger, "if you had ever experienced the passion—" "Pooh! pooh!" interrupted Scriblerus, "thou art a simple child; thou mayest love a damsel for her beauty and virtue, and think thyself incapable of living without her; but after all, it is nothing but a *prepossession:* whereas the love that we bear our children we inherit from Nature."—"But, consider, sir," replied the stranger, "that your daughter is not irrecoverable; heaven, which is the

guardian

guardian of innocence, will not at this moment desert her. Besides, sir, you are a christian, and it becomes you to bear your afflictions with christian fortitude."—" My dear child," joined Scriblerus, " thou mayest preach, but the feelings of a parent will triumph over all. I am as willing to take thy counsel as thou art to give it; but the idea of losing the loveliest, sweetest——" Here the good man faultered; he could proceed no further, but sinking into a chair, gave way to the agony of his affliction. " This behaviour, sir," exclaimed our hero, " is unmanly; by indulging your sorrows, you

lose every opportunity of regaining your child. I am well aware that you have full cause for weeping; she was indeed all that could combine earthly perfection;—heaven knows, that the lovely Maria was in my eyes inestimable. But will the indulging of our sorrows bring her to your arms? Shall we lose in idle lamentations those precious moments which ought to be spent in useful search? No; for though magisterial power may be base enough to deny us its assistance, I will leave no expedient untried to recover her, whom I love with an ardour little less than your own." Scriblerus gave Distich and the

stranger

stranger a tender embrace. "Come my children," cried he, "I find that a young head may sometimes serve to advise an old one; you and I (addressing the misanthrope) are brothers in misfortune; and since the world treats the wretched with contempt, let us not deny ourselves that assistance which the indifference of mankind is not willing to bestow. "*Amicus verus Thesaurus est magnus*," is a Latin proverb; and "A friend in need, is a friend indeed," an English one. Let us therefore request the assistance of our friends, the vulgar; whose want of knowledge does not exempt them from expe-

riencing the feelings of nature, and who become acquainted with the meaning of gratitude from the daily practice of it.

CHAPTER THE TWELFTH.

Toby's interview with the princess Ratamouski.—A digression.—Toby's soliloquy.—A dreadful attempt to deliver his mistress, and the unfortunate sequel.

THE Knight of the Weeping Willow now set forward to have an interview with the princess Ratamouski. He was greeted by the populace with repeated cheers; and and Dobbin being better used to his burthen, was a little more tractable. When he arrived at the habitation of his mistress, (which

for any thing we know, might have been formerly a palace, but at this present moment bore no very faint semblance to a pigstye,) he dismounted like a true knight, and demanded admittance. Mother Snapdragon being solicited by such a strange figure, did not venture to open the door of her hut; but popping her head out of the casement, in a shrill tone asked his business. Toby did not admire the melody of her voice; but recollecting that she was under the power of enchantment, answered in a lofty manner, "I am come to deliver you!"—"Deliver me!" squeaked the old woman, "thank

heaven,

heaven, I have no occasion for a midwife;" and immediately shut the casement.

Toby no more comprehending her meaning than she did his, couched his lance, and without further ceremony forced it through the window. This had the desired effect, and brought the princess to the door, "You impudent vagabond," exclaimed the exasperated dame, "how dare you commit such doings as these in my house?"—"Divine fair," replied Toby, "why didst thou refuse me admittance? I came hither, incomparable princess, to deliver thee from the monster that oppresses thee."

—" Deliver me of a monster!" cried the astonished Mother Snapdragon, " O you villain!" So saying, she emptied the contents of a boiling kettle over the knight, who was kneeling before her. Toby at this, jumped up from his humiliating posture, and danced about with agony. " Oh inexorable Queen of the Golden Isles!" he whined out, " must the Knight of the Weeping Willow be thus ignobly treated?—Enough; let then the monster Anthroppumhayguts do his will." Our champion then mounted his palfrey, when Mother Snapdragon demanded payment for her broken panes. " O cruel princess!"

pirncess!" exclaimed Toby, "thou little knowest what a true knight-arrant is, if you think that he encumbers himself with base coin: no, unhappy queen! thou hast refused my proffered services, take therefore the reward of thine obstinacy." With this he rode off, leaving the princess Ratamouski, uttering execrations unworthy of so exalted a personage.

Toby having received such ill usage, resolved to visit his old counsellor, Mrs. Griffin, and ask her advice. No sooner did he relate the indignities that he had suffered, than the old dame turned up her eyes, and ascribed it all

to the power of enchantment. "An't please you, my lady," he cried, "I should like to deliver some other queen or princess, who wou'dn't chuck so much hot water over me."—"Thou art deceived," replied the prophetess, "it was precious oil with which the princess anointed thee."—"Then it were plaguy hot," whined Toby, "for I be scalded woundily."—"Pooh, pooh," retorted the old woman, "thou art *not scalded; [here Toby shrugged up his shoulders;]* mere fancy." Our knight paid too much attention to the information of his own feelings to believe all that Dame Griffin advanced. "Why, my

lady," he cried, "I don't know what you may call scalding; but my body be all over blisters."—"Nothing but the blessed effects of the oil," replied the hag. Now Toby had likewise heard a specimen of Ratamouski's elocution; and he declared that the Queen of the Golden Isles had called him a lousy jackanapes. "I tell thee what," cried the handmaid of Hecate, "thy sense of hearing is also vitiated; what thou didst take for an insult, was indeed a high compliment paid to thy valour; therefore pursue thine adventures, so shall thy labours be ultimately crowned with success." This comfortable

fortable assurance cheered the spirits of the knight, who departed, willing to believe that he was neither able to see, hear, nor feel, in a proper manner, the object, the discourse, and the smarts, he had at times beheld, heard, and experienced.

We shall doubtless be reproached with the many improbable stories related in this true history. How hard then is the task of a biographer, who sits down to record facts to which the world may not be disposed to give credit. We have paid more than common attention to morality, without which a book is disgraceful to its

author,

author, and dangerous to the public. We have likewise been careful to intersperse our work with learned digressions; for a plain relation, or mere journal of events, is like a roasted goose, without its attendant apple-sauce. If, gentle reader, thou should'st chance to doze over this part of our history, (for peradventure thou mayest,) we beseech thee after thy slumber is over, to take courage and proceed; for a nap between whiles may serve to refresh thee, and we would do any thing in our power to contribute to thy repose.

Toby was now deeply immersed in profound cogitations, concerning

the

the reception that he had met with from Ratamouski, and his future pursuit of chivalry. "What," said he to himself, "if I should be murdered by the monster Anthroppumhayguts, where the devil would be the use of mine honor?—Would it give me any pleasure after my death for the folks to say that I was killed for being fool enough to fight with an enchanter? No, no, honest Toby thou hast too much compassion in thy bowels, and brains in thy skull, to be the devil's football. But then my honor,—a fig for honor!—A man may die honorably in his bed, without having his bones beaten into a

jelly

jelly by some hell-begotten giant. Ah! 'tis easier to build two chimnies than to maintain one. Be not a blockhead for company. One day of a wise man, is worth the whole life of a fool. But then the princess Rattamhusky, with all her jewels!—Well, and what will that avail?—I should look mighty foolish to have my head lopped off by some whoremonger of an enchanter; what would my knight-arrantry do for me then?—Yet I swore to be a true knight, and deliver the afflicted princess.—What if I am wounded, or happen to lose a leg or so— [*here Toby began*

gan to sweat;] but then I am promised success.—It shall be so;—I must deliver her; I will deserve her fair hand; and if I die ——"
Here Toby suddenly broke off, lest his resolution should waver; and he mounted Dobbin to take some new step for the disenchantment of his mistress.

During his peregrinations, he passed by a certain place, where a convocation of old ladies were hearing a discourse pronounced by the lusty deacon; he listened attentively for some time, when the following sentence struck his ear, which was uttered in a very laudable

dable tone:—"The prince of darkness hath bound you fast, seek therefore to be delivered."—"Ha, monster! say you so?" exclaimed Toby, dismounting, and rushing into the place, "deliver up the princess Rattamhusky." Now Mother Snapdragon happened to be among the assembly; and no sooner did she behold the intruder, than she recognized him as the demolisher of her casement, and falling upon her knees, implored the protection of *the Spirit*. The Knight of the Weeping Willow having spied out his mistress, and hearing this ejaculation, approached her. "Is it so, princess?"

cess?" he exclaimed, " then shalt thou be delivered!" So saying, he attacked the congregation, who flew in all directions. " Ha, infernal spirits! no longer shall your cursed arts persecute the Queen of the Golden Isles." He then laid about him with redoubled vigour; the deacon fled for his life, and the unfortunate Goose was sorely wounded, " *a posteriori.*" Having cleared the place, he was whispering some soft things in the ear of Mrs. Snapdragon, when he was suddenly interrupted by the appearance of two strange persons, who declared Toby to be their prisoner. " Prisoner!" retorted the be-

witched

witched knight, thrusting forward his lance, "know, plebeians, that I defy your power." But Toby in spite of his manœuvres was ultimately secured, and carried to the county jail, to consider the very dangerous consequences which attend the pursuit of chivalry, and the unworthy treatment a knight-errant meets with in England.

END OF THE SECOND BOOK.

TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOJI'S SARASWATI MAHAL

Book the Third.

CHAPTER THE FIRST.

On grinning and other laughable matters.

"*Ride si sapis,*" hath been the motto of many wise philosophers, who have waged perpetual war with that grief-worn personage, Care; and is a maxim of great wisdom and

and benevolence in a world where there is so much to cry for. Now the art of grinning hath been universally approved of in all ages: Aristophanes, that celebrated disciple of Momus, is the first on record who brought it to perfection in Greece; Martial in Rome; Rabelais in France; Cervantes in Spain; and honest Joe Miller in England. It was the custom in former times for a king to entertain his fool, or jester. This fellow's business was to make the court merry, and amuse the monarch in his vacant hours. That custom is now discontinued; and when Colley Cibber was elected laureat

laureat, the wits of that day wrote the following epigram:—

"In merry old England it once was a rule,
The king had his poet, and also his fool:
But now we're so frugal, I'd have you to know it,
Poor Cibber must serve both for *fool* and for *poet*."

But again.—Grinning giveth the heart delight, and is moreover highly becoming to the countenance. We do not mean those kind of grins which are used by our stage heroes when they are pourtraying the passions of jealousy and revenge,—but such as painters give Bacchus, and Nature hath given our friend F—m—g, whose countenance is a picture of his

inward good humour, and was never known to look serious until he was told that the world was beginning to grow honest.

Let us now take notice of grinning in its various branches; from the modest simper to the broad horse-laugh; and explain the nature of each, for the information of boarding-school misses, antiquated prudes, pert coquettes, and amorous widows. First, then, the simper; which is nothing but a trifling relaxation of the muscles, when the lips scarcely start from their usual form: this is particularly useful in polite assemblies, where absolute smiling is excluded as indecorous. It is practised by

beaux when they flatter their mistresses, and belles while they listen to them; by dependants when they beg a favor, and courtiers when they promise one; by wits when they have nothing to say, and ideots when they have said a foolish thing. It is a prelude to the titter, which generally passes through a company when any female's reputation is upon the carpet, or an ill-bred beau repeats a double entendre neither remarkable for decency nor wit. The titter, is in general performed behind the fan, and causes a wider extension of the mouth than the simper, for which reason it hath

been rejected by stale dowagers and antiquated virgins, as it is apt to betray the ravages which time may have effected on their teeth.

The leer is also of high importance. What advantage would a pair of dimples be without this branch of the art? My Lady Moonlight might have died in despair, had the virtues of the leer never been discovered, and the Widow Ogle's sparklers had never gained her a second husband, had not the leer set them off to the best advantage. In some assemblies, where punctilios are not so strictly observed, a smile hath been actually admitted; and the venerable

rable Miss Durable was once surprised into one, at being told, that one of her dearest friends had lost her beauty by the small-pox, and my Lady Racket's eyebrows had dropped off at a public party.

But the horse-laugh, where such a violent agitation of the muscles is required, is chiefly confined to that class of coquettes, who having gone through the whole vocabulary without success, are resolved to achieve their conquest by a *coup de grace*, and terrify a lover into compliance. A country hoyden will sometimes indulge in the horse-laugh, when a London spark whispers soft things in her ear;

 but

but the prude turns from it with horror; the widow is seldom betrayed into it, and the old maid trusts wholly to the simper, or at most, the leer is but called in as an auxiliary.

Now, lest in treating of this laudable art we should make the reader distend his jaws with a different sensation, by giving a hideous yawn, we will put an end to this chapter, by beseeching all who shall peruse this history to grin when they see any thing worth grinning for, to cry when they see any thing worth crying for, to take a nap when the work becomes dull and insipid, and to

approve

approve when they find any thing worth approving.

Let Care's dull sons with gloomy malice rail,
May Mirth be still the hero of our tale;
Care is our foe, so let us strive to kill it,
For life's an empty glass, unless we fill it.

THE TANJORE ... SERFOGI'S SA... MAHAL.

CHAPTER THE SECOND.

A death-bed confession, which is productive of a strange discovery.

A FELLOW who resided in the village had been sorely wounded, but absolutely refused to tell by whom, and in what manner. He had lain in a most deplorable state for many days, until his life was despaired of: and his neighbours persuaded him, but in vain, to disburthen his mind, if conscious of any hidden guilt. Scriblerus who was ever ready

ready to administer consolation and relief to all, no sooner heard of the circumstance, than in spite of his own domestic sorrows, he thought it a duty to ease the apprehensions of a dying sinner, and consequently paid a visit to the person in question.

He appeared at the bed-side of the wretched man, and having declared the purpose of his coming, exhorted him no longer to persevere in concealing any thing that oppressed his soul. "You have come," said he, "to that state when dissimulation is vain; the death-beds of the hardiest sinners have in general proved a scene of

confession and repentance. How atrocious then must be that deed, which one on the verge of eternity dares not reveal. I come not here as a ghostly confessor to enjoin penance and mortification, but to urge you to make your peace with God, ere you arrive at an awful and unknown futurity." This was spoken by the good man in such an impressive, yet tender manner, that might have encouraged the vilest of mankind. "Oh! sir," exclaimed the dying wretch, "can confession obtain me pardon?"—"I am not capable of answering you that," replied Scriblerus, "it is for HIM in whose hands are pardon

and mercy, to decide upon your future fate; but this I can assure you, that by concealing your guilt, you are doubting that mercy which the Almighty is ready to extend to a repenting sinner; and by refusing to put confidence in his beneficence, you question the wisdom of his good providence."—" I would not hesitate to open my mind," cried the sick man, " but that you will give me up to everlasting misery and despair."—" It is not for me to condemn thee," joined the parish-clerk, " but God who is thy judge: neither will I give thee up to despair; for sinners have been saved, even at the ele-

venth hour. Take courage then, trust in the mercies of that Power, who being the best judge of our weakness, knoweth best when to pardon; and be assured that it will lighten thy soul, and smooth thy passage through the dark valley of death." Here the guilty wretch was greatly affected, and exclaimed, "Oh! sir, how you will change your sentiments, with what horror will you behold me, when I declare that YOU are the person whom I have injured; yes, I have murdered the peace of one who is possessed of goodness which I thought had been only given to the angels."—"ME!" exclaimed

Scriblerus,

Scriblerus, trembling with astonishment, "I beseech thee reveal it, nor keep me in this dreadful suspense; I freely give thee my pardon, God give thee his likewise."——"You had a daughter," cried the man, with a faultering voice.—"Oh heavens!" exclaimed Scriblerus, with agonized apprehension, "have I not one still?"—"I hope you have," replied the sick man, "but——" "Nay," replied the doating father, "do not hesitate; I am prepared to hear the worst; God, who hath lain this suffering upon me, will give me fortitude to bear it."—"It is she," cried the penitent, "who

"who hath been the victim"—"Just heaven!" exclaimed Scriblerus, "for what am I reserved! But art thou the wretch who could violate so much innocence? She was the darling of my age, the comfort of my grey hairs. God forgive thee, thou art indeed a sinner! Oh! she was the loveliest, the most endearing of children; but I bow to the will of my Creator, he hath ordained as seemed him good."—"I have been instrumental in working her ruin, though not the perpetrator," cried the sick man. "Then thou mayest redeem thy soul," exclaimed the frantic parent, "by de-

claring

claring the wretch that hath destroyed my peace; let me know the monster, I will follow him through the globe, and have justice if justice be administered upon earth! Speak, I charge thee, ere death shall seal thy lips with an everlasting silence. But can justice recompence me for the ruin of my child?—Yet if my Maria lives, if she survives her degradation, I may press her to my heart, I may weep over the wretchedness of her who was, and still is dearer to me than life: I shall live to be satisfied of her innocence, and die with the consolation, that her mind is unspotted in the

the midst of her miseries." Here Scriblerus was so much exhausted, that he sunk upon the bed-side, and remained for some time in a state of insensibility. "I will relate the remainder of my story," cried the man, "while heaven gives me time and strength to do it; compose your mind therefore to hear the sequel." The parish-clerk then rose, and lifting up his hands and eyes to heaven, exclaimed with pious energy, "God's will be done!" when the penitent proceeded :—

"It is the squire, who hath been the ruin of your child: I was employed by him, with two others,

who have since absconded, to force her away, and convey her to his house. I at first refused to commit such a diabolical act, but the promise of a handsome reward, soon got the better of my scruples, and I consented to become an emissary."—"And did you not," interrupted the parish-clerk, "feel a secret remorse, were you not conscious that you were violating laws, human and divine, by consenting to become the betrayer of innocence?" "I must to my shame confess," replied the other, "that I did not, except when I retired to my pillow at night."—"Aye, that was the hour for reflection," cried Scriblerus.

"But

"But when morning came, continued the man, "I forgot all my good resolutions, and resolved to hazard the consequences. My companions and myself were continually upon the watch, and we soon found an opportunity to attain our ends. We descried your daughter, in company with a young man, passing through a bye lane, sometime after sun-set; we attacked them, the youth fought stoutly, wrested the pistol from my hand, which I had loaded for his destruction, and discharging it at me, caused this wound, of which I shall deservedly die a victim."—"Brave boy! (exclaimed Scriblerus) yet I pity

pity *thee* from my soul."—"I contrived," resumed the man, "to escape, leaving the youth extended on the ground, from a blow that he had received from one of my companions, who carried off your daughter.—I can relate no more."—"Thou hast related," cried the parish-clerk, "sufficient to render me miserable for the remainder of my days. But may that God, who never permits the wicked to pass unpunished, bring down his judgements upon the head of the oppressor! and when the hour of death approaches, may the terrors of a guilty conscience, so wring his soul, that he may contemplate eternity

with

with horror, and dismay." He then left the sick man, promising to afford him every possible assistance, to take some steps for the recovery of his unfortunate child.

THE TANJORE [illegible] SERFOJI'S SARASWATI MAHAL.

TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOJI'S SARASWATI MAHAL.

CHAPTER THE THIRD.

The brutality of Goosetrap.—And the introduction of Captain Mainmast.

SQUIRE Goosetrap, having got the lovely Maria in his possession, began to grow weary of importuning his fair prisoner, and resolved to behave in a more peremptory manner, than he had formerly done: but when he entered her presence, the dignity of her virtue, checked his resolutions, and he at once shrunk into base pusillanimity.

"Can

" Can my want of protection," cried the fair mourner, " warrant the ill-treatment that I have undeservedly met with at your hands? you have torn me from my father's cottage, the seat of happiness and peace, what therefore must be the feelings of that parent whom you have basely deprived of his child." —" Your liberty," replied the squire, " is in your own power, by consenting to crown my happiness." " Sir," replied Maria, in a lofty tone, " I will submit to to no such stipulations."—" What, madam," replied Goosetrap, " I suppose some fool in the village, who presented you with a straw-hat, and flaming top-knot

last

last may-day, hath won your heart?" —"I am not obliged to answer your question," replied the daughter of Scriblerus, "but I would prefer an ideot, to a villain like yourself, who professes to be an admirer of innocence only to destroy it." She then burst into a flood of tears, and retired from his presence.

A servant now entered, who announced the arrival of his half-brother, who having ploughed the seas for many years, had returned home to enjoy for a short period, the pleasures of a land life. Captain Mainmast having been a sailor from his youth, was brave, open, and benevolent; but withal rather

passionate,

passionate, and too much addicted to swearing; yet whatever he said came from the heart, and he was a bitter enemy to all dissimulation.

No sooner did the tar enter the house, than he bellowed forth "Ahoy! hark'e, is your commander a-board? Tell him Tom Mainmast has come alongside his moorings!" and continued to talk in this way to the infinite surprise of the servants. When he entered into the presence of the squire, he thrust forward his hand, exclaiming, "No offence, I hope, brother, but I've steered into your port, d'ye see, come in with a fair wind, flowing sail, and good stowage,

split

split my bowlines!" Goosetrap expressed great joy at seeing him, and hoped that he had been successful. "Why, as for that," replied the tar, "pretty well;" but reef my topsails, 'twas a hard bout. Curse the French! but howsumever, we gave 'em pill for pill, shiver my timbers! we sent 'em to hell with a wet sail! A privateer of forty guns, with a complement of men doubling ours; but I say nothing. The mounseers were damnably mistaken;—well, on the third watch Jack Buntline gave an alarm—all turned out—clear ship—damme boys, look sharp!—hailed her—she gave a broadside—we

returned it—now was the time—we poured in our shot—yard-arm and yard-arm—the Frenchman wanted to sheer off—we pursued her—she struck, and went to the bottom, smite my limbs!" The captain having given this concise account of the battle, made various inquiries concerning his family. The squire informed him with apparent concern, that both his parents were dead. "What! both foundered?" he exclaimed, "well, well, I thought to have—— but no matter;—they are fast moored in a better riding; they are fairly laid up;—I may set up their standing rigging in another world."

The

The tears now gushed from his eyes, and the squire out of complaisance, wept also. "Come, come," continued the seaman, "let us overhaul our spirits, not stand blubbering because they are stranded. We are all of us fellow-shipmates in this world, and must come to an anchor at last." This philosophical consolation being administered, Goosetrap introduced the justice and the curate. Here Mainmast felt much at a loss; he could make nothing but sea bows, nor would he pronounce any thing better than "Your servant."—"I am glad to see ye!" he cried, with a small inclination of the head,

"I'm a man of few words,—got a special good stowage of friendship in my hold, but can never board a shipmate with a whole cargo o'jaw. I have been a seaman these fifteen years, stem and stern, and value no man a rope's end. They heaved me out of some estates, but all's one for that. I've come into port, well rigged, after having weathered many hard gales and losing voyages. I've worked night and day, fair weather and foul,—no brother's mishaps bettered my steerage,—all well got, sink my bowsprit!"—"I suppose sir," cried the justice, "that you have *seen* many engagements in

in your time."—" Aye, and *felt* 'em too, brother," joined Mainmast, pointing to a large scar over his right eye, "a man has but little time to look about him then. All hands to work,—every man to his gun,—mount the yards,—give the enemy a broadside,—single out your bird,—whiz,—iron nails, grape, and stinkpots! away they fly,—ships lashed together,—board her, scuppers running down with blood,—the enemy strikes her colours,—huzza! victory!—d—n my eyes!—" The justice was highly delighted with the relation, but the curate was much disturbed with the swearing; though both could

not help admiring the honest intrepidity which so eminently distinguished the generous seaman.

Navita de ventis, de tauris narrat arator;
Enumerat miles vulnera, pastor oves.

THE TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOGI'S SARASWATI MAHAL

CHAPTER

TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOGI'S SARASWATI MAHAL.

CHAPTER THE FOURTH.

Which shews that innocence ever meets with the protection of Heaven.

OUR hero no sooner became acquainted with the villainy of Goosetrap, than he would have sacrificed him to his resentment; but Scriblerus recommended moderation, and they proceeded to the house of the squire, and being admitted into his presence, found him in company with his brother, the justice, and the curate. Scriblerus ac-

quainted him that he came upon business, and demanded a private conference; but the squire bade him tell what he wanted, for he would not leave his friends.

"I am come, sir," cried the parish-clerk, "as an injured father, to demand his unhappy child; you must not expect me to address you as a superior, for the atrocity of your actions has placed you lower than even the lowest of mankind. I am a poor man, sir,—but thank heaven my poverty has never been able to injure my character; and however powerful wealth may be, there *are* places, where the rich man enjoys no greater privilege than

than the peasant. I am come here to demand my daughter, who has been forced from her home, by your diabolical schemes. I expect not to be trifled with; for if justice be denied me here, it is not my intention to parley, but to seek for reparation at a higher tribunal." Nothing ever operated upon Goosetrap more powerfully than this appeal,—he became sober in an instant; the justice looked confounded, the curate was amazed, while Mainmast exclaimed, "Darken my fore-lights, smite my limbs, shiver my timbers! I have been at sea among storms and hurricanes, when the chaplain has overhauled the

journal of his sins; but if ever I heard a man talk in such a manner, d—n my eyes!"—"Look ye, gentlemen," cried the squire, "this fellow thinks to frighten me out of a considerable sum, by accusing me of depriving him of his daughter, whom the parish knows to be a common trull."—"He is a prevaricating scoundrel," cried Dick, rushing forward, "who shall attempt to injure the purity of the virtuous Maria! she is ten thousand times chaster than the mother who bore you." So saying, he lifted up a bottle from the table, and would have levelled it at the skull of Goosetrap, had not the

captain

captain arrested his arm, and advised him not to come so foul athwart the bowsprit of the enemy.

"I should be sorry," continued Scriblerus, "to make the law compel you to deliver up my child. But can I be such a wretch as to see my only offspring, the darling of my age, languish under the weight of cruelty and oppression? But were I even willing to forget my feelings as a parent, must I relinquish my integrity as a man? To behold beauty and innocence fall an early victim to unbridled lust,—to see the loveliest flower that ever blossomed, perish in the bloom, by the rude hand of a ra-

visher, calls aloud for revenge; and would rouse the most latent feelings of honor and humanity."

"Smite my limbs!" exclaimed Mainmast, starting from his seat, "he ought to be d—d ten thousand fathoms in burning brimstone." But suddenly making a stop, he strode across the room, replaced himself in his chair, and taking a huge mouthful of tobacco, began to chew with great vehemence.

"Mr. Scribbleum," cried the justice, who had hitherto sat silent, "it would be well if you were to put a stopper upon your tongue, when you begin to talk about the

law.

law. The law is a dangerous thing; and then, sir, as to accusing Squire Goosetrap of concealing your daughter, is in fact a very libellous sort of a proceeding."—"Mr. Pliable," cried the parish-clerk, "you are a magistrate, and as such I am bound to respect you. I agree with you that the law is a dangerous thing; that is, when its ministers are corrupt; it is then like a sword in the hands of a fool. But when properly administered, is the preserver of our liberties, and the glory of our constitution. When a man is invested with the arduous situation of magistrate, he should neither be biassed by wealth,

wealth, awed by power, nor swayed by affection; for justice knows no such distinctions, and the law should know none likewise." Mr. Pliable was going to speak, when the captain anticipating his intention, exclaimed, "Prithee be silent! the gentleman speaks right enough; you magistrates are but a set of fair-weather Jacks,—go with the wind.—Yes, yes, the law; —I know what it is; d——d cranky, sink me!"—"Friend Scriblerus," cried the curate, "it may do thee infinite harm to persecute the squire with thine accusations. If thy daughter hath absconded, I pity thee; but it doth not become thee

thee to revile our good friend present, without a cause; thou shouldest be guided by reason, and follow the rule of right." The captain was now tired out, and addressing Cringer, exclaimed, "Veer about! Dost expect thy clerk to say "Amen" to all thou art pleased to lug out? (and then turning to the squire,) Come, brother, if thou hast gone a privateering, and captured a tight well-rigged little vessel, give her back to her right owner; —don't let her founder;—don't let the top-lifts of your heart be like a piece of old junk;—send her to her old dad, like a good seaman, without damage. But if thou art inclined

inclined to embark in the same bottom with her, throw out your proper signals, and she'll bring to, I'll warrant. I'm as fond of a wench as yourself; blue-ey'd Sall o' Portsmouth, and spanking Poll o' Wapping, for that! but you know they be ships that take in passengers; any brother messmate may go a voyage with them. But, damme! 'twould be hard to board a vessel by force, get under the hatches in an unlawful way, and let her strike at last! Come, come, brother, I'm a plain seaman knows none o'your flourishes; but howsumever I'm no pirate; no pitiful sneaker, all above board, strike my yards!" The

captain

captain having pronounced this, gave Scriblerus a hearty shake by the hand, telling him he'd warrant his daughter would come into safe moorings at last.—"The sentiments that you have expressed, sir," cried the parish-clerk, "in whatever terms they may be delivered, have convinced me that your mind is susceptible of the finest feelings of humanity. I have by the villainy of the squire present, been deprived of an only child.—Yes, sir, (turning to Goosetrap) I have sufficient evidence of your guilt, in spite of the assertions of Mr. Pliable, with all his love of justice, and the charitable advice of

of Mr. Cringer, with all his love of religion. You are the betrayer of my child, and as such will I punish you." He then related to the company the whole particulars, which the reader knoweth already. Goosetrap was confounded, Mainmast uttered a dreadful oath, while the justice and the curate looked at each other with foolish faces of wonder.

They were now surprised by the appearance of a female, who rushed into the room pale and breathless; but what were the emotions of Scriblerus, when he recognized his lovely, his lost Maria! He clasped the fair sufferer in his arms, and

pressed her with rapture to his bosom. "And do I again behold thee, my child! Am I yet doomed to be happy!" She continued to sob, and could only articulate "My father!" Distich partook of the joy, and the manly tear stole down the furrowed cheek of the generous seaman. "All my sorrows are repaid, to be thus assured of thine innocence." He then in a fervent prayer thanked the Dispenser of good. "Since Providence hath foiled your attempts upon the virtue of my child," continued he, addressing the squire, "I content myself with the consciousness of having acted aright: receive

receive therefore my pardon for the evil thou didst intend me and mine; and may God give thee grace to withstand temptations for the future."—"Reef my topsails!" exclaimed Mainmast, "if half the parsons were like thee, the world would grow honest! But come, brother, han't you got some little estate to spare? I was heaved,—but all's one; d——n the attornies say I!" Goosetrap finding, in the sporting phrase, that "puss was caught, or in plain English, that his villainies were discovered, offered to make Scriblerus a present of the little farm which he held of him; but this the parish-

clerk pertinaciously refused to accept, nor could any persuasions induce him to alter his resolution.

He then departed with his daughter and our hero; Captain Mainmast promising to pay him a visit at his cottage. The whole village participated in the joy of Scriblerus, who had shewn that he dreaded neither power nor riches when he had received an injury; and all honest hearts were filled with pleasure, when peace was restored to the fire side of their parish-clerk.

END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.

Printed by G. Hazard, 49, Beech-street, London.